

JEDI MIND TRICKS

VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Intro"

[Richard Ramirez:]

Serial killers do on a small scales what governments do on the large one
They are a product of the times and these are bloodthirsty times
Even psychopaths have emotions if you dig deep enough; but then again maybe they don't
I'll tell you what, I gave up on love and happiness a long time ago

Killing is killing, whether done for duty, profit, or fun

Men murdered themselves into this democracy

There are different sects of Satanism, the Satanist admits to being evil
We are all evil in some form or another, are we not?

Yes, I am evil. Not a hundred percent but I am evil

Evil has always existed, the perfect world most people seek shall never come to pass

Yes, I am evil. Not a hundred percent but I am evil

Evil has always existed, the perfect world most people seek shall never come to pass and it's gonna get worse

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Burning The Mirror"

[Vinnie Paz:]

I'm Kool G Rap, Kaczynski and God wrapped in one
I keep a stupid bitch around me just to stash the gun
 Fuck a crucifix, I'll use it just to stab a nun
What y'all did is incomparable to what Paz has done
I'm Black Sabbath, you savages get a lashing tongue
I'm black magic and ravenous, you a passive crumb
 I'm a Russian AK and you's a Gatling Gun
 I only listen to black metal and rap from Pun
 I treat bitches like a jewel thief, smash and run
 I write ignorance on looseleaf, that's for fun
 You have the female tendencies of a bastard son
They say it's parts unknown where the assassin's from
 Hey yo, Jus Allah load the Glock, rob his jums
And tell these sucker motherfuckers that the gods have come
 I drink clear liquor all the way to blackened rum
 The Glock an icebreaker, I don't mean a pack of gum

We that hardcore, we that hardbody
Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy
 We Islamic Moors, we that godbody
 We the Russian AK, we the sawed shotty

[Jus Allah:]

My babysitter hung herself, I was way too young to help
 It's no way I could've lifted her and strung the belt
Wish she could've gave me something else, cruel summer
 But I'm always elated to meet the newcomers
 I like to stare at models to compare brothels
 Putting air in bottles, sharing pot and Aristotle
 With the baddest dime inhaling the traffic line
And we don't talk about past times and astral signs
I'm fearless, there's an eeriness to my appearance
 I'm experienced in severeness
 I'm embellished in devilishness
 I'm a detriment to health and wellness
 I'm everything selfish and felonious
I'm only aware of unfairness, Islam and Arabic
 Nuclear fission bombs and terrorists
 More torturers that would know order
I live in close quarters, bodies everywhere
 It's an episode of Hoarders

We that hardcore, we that hardbody
Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy
 We Islamic Moors, we that godbody
 We the Russian AK, we the sawed shotty

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"When Crows Descend Upon You"

(feat. Demoz)

I'm just evil biologically, listen to y'all that make a mockery
Anton LaVey is like a god to me
I am not possibly associated with your democracy
Gary Heidnik is like a shah to me, go to war logically
I conduct self Nostradamusly, I am Ibrahim's last prophecy
Earth is my property, I am possessed like I'm an apostrophe
Vinny Appice is like a star to me
Paz swears silently, cut your fucking head like a lobotomy
Rape the fucking beat like sodomy
Nietzschean philosophy, I am a vampire, I'm proud to be
I cannot be seen in your photography
Vinnie an anomaly, I am not a part of God's colony
Three inches of blood on my carpeting making things hard for me
My own family won't talk to me, I have to pray to Allah constantly honestly

I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream
He don't deserve to dream, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, I'm having nervous dreams

I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang
So what's the issue man? I can make a tissue hang
I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream

Underground like dirt and the oil
Earth and the soil, I burn like boil
Destroy rappers, King Kong massacre
Bullets ricochet playing ping pong passengers
Won't make it, the real won't fake it
If something don't belong to you then don't take it
A naked eye can look loyal but don't trust em
That's why I chill with women, fuck em but don't cuff em
Cheat and won't treat em, beat em and won't eat em
Leave em and won't feed em
Believe me a cold demon, I am but I won't leave em
Until that we both even
Until she catch me fucking a 20 year old Rican
On top of the fucking bed we make love and both sleeping
Now that's the hundredth time she caught me with hoes cheating
I think I got a problem with being faithful
It's not that I ain't grateful, it's just something about me so hateful

I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream
He don't deserve to dream, nigga this a murder scene

Yellow tape around the booth, I'm having nervous dreams

I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang
So what's the issue man? I can make a tissue hang
I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream

I'm strutting with the black mask, can't pass on the cash
Relax on the grass, can't slack on the slash
There's no rest, there's no 2 and a half hour crash
I'm all about the cash, outwit and outlast
In mass covered in black from gun powder blast
Can care less if you wear a flag or a badge
I'm trying to have mattresses of cash
I'm trying to have the bachelor pad built up with packages and bags
No matter how many bodies amass in the trash
I stay on the move, bad news travels fast
I stay with the smoking weapon and no discretion
It's a gross obsession, I keep it close under low detection
Don't provoke me and don't ask any loaded questions
I don't go for one soul, I want the whole collection
Send you on that long road to perfection
Murder all the men who swore an oath of protection

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Fuck Ya Life"
(feat. Blacastan)

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing

[Vinnie Paz:]

I wet the whole entire block then I broke off
Lift the boat off Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff
I ain't never met a motherfucker that was so soft
I remain fire like folk who ain't turn their stove off
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger
And y'all are Dennis Dixon, that's just something different
I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian
She ain't overstand the godliness of my position
Anybody who ain't family is opposition
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince Lombardi
I got a tet offensive similar to Victor Charlie
I meet a bitch, I don't sweat her, this ain't a Christmas party

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

[Jus Allah:]

I make blood money with flecks of blood splatter
It's drug money, the aspect of it doesn't matter
All the blood and death is what gives it the X factor
A lot of blood and sweat goes into the trespassers
I kill swiftly, I like to take life quickly
I take a pint of blood and make moonshine whiskey
I like to keep the 911 lines busy
I like a fun time in a crime-ridden city

All the blood that we use is worth every bump and bruise
Once the hunt pursues we ain't on the Onion News
I don't run from the problems I start usually
We wet you up, no lifeguard on duty
Then I'm at the bar or a movie
Then I'm with a beauty watching hardcore nudity
Had to ditch the bitch that thinks we're dating exclusively
The old grey mare she ain't what she used to be

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

[Blacastan:]

I'm that last line of coke that you see on the mirror
Take your last sniff, now you think you seeing shit clearer
I'm the nigga that's behind you waiting to get paid
I'm that hard-assed dick that's waiting to get laid
I'm them Pumas that you rock that was made out of suede
You the nigga came to cop and got caught in the raid
I'm the venom that lies within the king cobra's core
That new blood soaking through the enemy's soul
The spoils of life, the ills of men
John Wayne Gacy, Charlie Manson, killing again
I'm released from the penitent, mind state militant
Bombs underneath the tent, bismillah I repent
Sent to Earth from a distant galaxy
I am no contradiction, far from a fallacy
Freddy in the booth bring nightmares to reality
World War 3, I'm enlisted by JMT

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Imperial Tyranny"
(feat. King Magnetic)

[DJ Kwestion:]

Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

[Jus Allah:]

I'm disgusted and dissatisfied, I don't need to fucking advertise

I'm a thief, I don't read the fucking classifieds

I like beef, I don't chitchat and fraternize

With police, pastors, or rabbis

I'm one of the bad guys, I never apologise

I don't just walk around with rocks and pocketknives

When it comes to homicide I'm not occupied

Murder's like oxygen to carbon dioxide

I don't know a lot about science and chemistry

My enemies take a lot of time and energy

When I'm not shooting I get iron deficiency

And I don't wanna have the guys look at me differently

I would rather have a gun than an epiphany

Can't really rely on tricks and wizardry

When I get irrational, that'll be practical

Niggas don't believe shit it's serendipity

[DJ Kwestion:]

Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all

Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all

Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all

Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all

Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

[Vinnie Paz:]

Y'all in the presence of divine science

We don't subscribe to y'all theory of non-violence

I rule with an iron fist, I define tyrants

I went down the wrong path, that's despite guidance

Yeah and y'all are soon to bleed

And I'm from the house of wisdom Haroon Rashid

A goon indeed, ras-clat, Junior Reid

Y'all overstayed y'all welcome, y'all refused to leave

Refuse to see that the universe is deathless

I define rhyme with divine mind efforts

It's grind time, I design rhyme methods

It's high time y'all enshrine my records

And I don't know why y'all would fuck with the team

That's like standing on the block with no junk for the fiends

Pazienza is in love with the deen
I would jump in front of bullets, shed fucking blood for my team

[DJ Kwestion:]

Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

[King Magnetic:]

I know what violence begets, timeless regrets
Silently sweat bullets when you ride for respect
Rivalry met (blam!) with the vibe you'd expect
Four-pounder makes you flounder only live on the net
You know the Internet thuggery, Internet fuck with me
Long enough to see my company sucker-free luckily
Paz heard me then scooped me, spaz earned me this two-piece
Clash surely not rufees smashed girlies is groupies
The last rapper to move me, Ras Kass what he doing
Rap after the blood bath half of the movie
Gats strapped to my blue jeans, back smack to Djibouti
Backpack is with Uzis, Black Sabbath and Kool G
Point made like I'm sharper than a shiv
Stab wound when you think you sharper than you is
Charlotte's Web with the kids, only time we talk to pigs
I ain't talking courage when I say you getting jigged

[DJ Kwestion:]

Cause you wants no part of that
Cause you wants no part of that
Cause you wants no part of that
Cause you wants no part of that

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Design In Malice"

(feat. Young Zee & Pacewon)

[Young Zee:]

If I don't have the mag I get a bastard stabbed
With a knife big as a claw of an Alaskan crab
Young, I'm down with Vinnie, give me six weeks
All y'all little pipsqueaks is up shit's creek
Think we a joke? I'll put three in your throat
Drunk off gin and C&C coke then we flee in a boat
Then I come open up the spot with Coconut Ciroc
So the hoes'll suck some cock
Then I'll forget to call her, after the nut I get attention deficit disorder
1-5 catch us off X's and dust
Whole clique of registered sex offenders
Pop shit, we'll hold your funeral XVIs
Niggas' money come in Roman numerals
Your block slow now, she fuck with them rappers
Cause y'all niggas' money took a muscle relaxer

[Pacewon:]

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time

[Vinnie Paz:]

Our music's strong enough to stop a bomb
I'm putting pressure on you kids like I'm a soccer mom
Who you think idea that it was to stop Saddam?
Who you think idea that was to drop the bomb?
You get your shit rocked ma like Mustafa song
You blowing smoke you motherfucker, you should cop a bong
The nine Taurus jam a little bit, the Glock is strong
I move brutal and use voodoo like Papa Shango
Over a billion Muslims, you could never stop Islam
Over a billion bullets shooting from the chopper's arm
The backstage filled with liquor and a lot of traum'
Cause it's been hard on Vinnie since my father gone
I'm about to blow the fucking horns like it was Rosh Hashanah
This is the calm before the storm, Armageddon's on
Carry a motherfucker head that I shred in 'Nam
I speak literally, figuratively, the prophet gone

[Pacewon:]

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme

It's work, not how I pass the time

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme

It's work, not how I pass the time

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme

It's work, not how I pass the time

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme

It's work, not how I pass the time

[Jus Allah:]

You don't have to search and question

I have the purse and the murder weapon

Never get a second chance to make a first impression

I'm no virgin to murder and I'm an urban legend

Rather be of real service than to serve in Heaven

I don't like cops, I don't like co-operators

I don't like traitors or story corroborators

In any problem I'm the common denominator

My behaviour is the product of intoxicators

I'm just blood addicted, it's the other liquid

I'm above the limit off of the blood of the wicked

Don't even ask, there's somebody in the body bags

The blood matches what's on the hatchets and hockey mask

I'm never traumatized, I don't have to compromise

I don't have to economize the homicides

You tell Jesus to take the wheel, my faith is nil

I believe that even Jesus has a way to kill

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Weapon Of Unholy Wrath"

This the Official Pistol Gang, I put my mother on it
If I got beef, I ain't got beef, my brother on it
I just punch you in the face for nothing, I love the conflict
And all my grown New York brothers be gunning Spofford
Vinnie God-sent, I'm what Allah meant
Gucci frames, wild nerdy, call him Clark Kent
Me and Jus sat together on the park bench
And said if it wasn't money then it was nonsense
Keep steadily finding ways to stay better
You don't fight, you ducking fights, you Mayweather
Anyway you wanna put it butcher, slay, sever
You looking like Eddie in Delirious, gay leather
You arguing over who the best is but it's me though
I'm arguing over who was better Ozzy and Dio
Bruce Dickinson, Paul Di'Anno? Ay, dios mio
Mel Gibson a racist and Rick Ross is a CO

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor
One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor
One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

Yo there's more to life than guns and pleasure
It's just till I find something better
But I ain't ever gonna find a trunk of sunken treasure
I'm a troublemaker, not a fucking double-major
I love being with slug-traders and drug-takers
I have an attitude, my gun has a gattitude
We ain't trying to just have gas and fast food
I'm with high rollers and pistol holders
Gotta stay away from eye-rollers and whistle-blowers
If I ever come in contact with them motherfuckers
Contact a couple bloodsuckers and shovellers
I'm filled with the hate of jihadists and mass-murderers
Don't affiliate with pickpockets and cat burglars
Gotta keep my guard up, had a lot of hard luck
All I got is money for the bars and Starbucks
But why spend cash on snacks and SunChips?
When I can spend a stack on gats and gun clips

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor

One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor
One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Target Practice"

[Jus Allah:]

We come guns blazing like the young sons of Satan
Some occasions gun play comes into the equations
Gotta keep the chrome for home invasions and break-ins
Go to your location with no notification
Quick to pick up the Glocks, fill the clip to the top
Kill the kids, too little too big to adopt
Got a whole lot of lost souls, pick of the crop
Ain't playing the oldies when you hear the click and the pop
It's nothing but ice in my veins, the devil has a mic in my brain
Has a lot of good advice to retain
What's not to like about the guy who had Christ slain?
I don't have the right to gripe and complain
I have to hide the remains, I have to get Tide for the stains
I have to buy ties that can bind and restrain
I have to find lives to attain
I'm looking for a homicide, offering a ride from the rain

Yo buscare el camino hacia ti, yo buscare el camino a tu amor

All you motherfuckers days is numbered
Attack the winter and I slay the summer
Pressure bust pipes god, I don't pay the plumber
Y'all don't put me to sleep, it's more of a state of slumber
Pimp shit, smash skins like your favourite drummer
I'm a shooter and a shooter do what a shooter please
A history of the broken land of the Sudanese
I spit a verse and a motherfucking computer freeze
The right hand is a bomb, it'll cost you two MCs
It's suicide rapper you can hang from Judas trees
We destroy and rebuild while y'all just shoot the breeze
Me and Buddha are separated by two degrees
The army gear is military and the boots are trees
The kevlar isn't a problem, I'll just shoot his knees
I rock a Panerai watch, y'all are boosting tees
Dirty money on the block, I recoup with ease
Y'all can't afford a sixteen, I'm charging stupid fees

Yo buscare el camino hacia ti, yo buscare el camino a tu amor

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Carnival Of Souls"

(feat. Demoz)

[Vinnie Paz:]

I'm an ape in the cage, getting more amazing with age
AK's and Grenades, matter of fact I slay them with blades
They blantly gays, faggots in berets at parades
And see, my team is unbeatable, the stadium staged
I'm basically crazed, walk in circles, pacing for days
I'm basically dazed, and lost inside a satanist maze
You face the brigade, I hate you and I pray you get AIDS
I go hard on hard beats, y'all to lazy to shave
Too lazy to bathe, and so y'all hate on the God
I'm sick of y'all eating off the same plate as the God
Y'all could never build or conversate with the God
You shooting guns off, I would bomb a nation for God
(I'm a suicide bomber) Y'all don't want no confrontation with God
Y'all are swine eaters, that's abomination to God
(Al hum'du Allah) So put some faith into God
The objective is to finally conquer fucking Satan with God

[Demosz:]

I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers
Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these story fables
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label

I think we got a problem, Vinnie Paz a fucking problem
Maserati, I'm a problem, Jus Allah's a fucking problem
Criticism from critics but we don't fucking care
All we hear is the drum beat and the fucking snare

All I got is too much hate, not enough love
Too many plates, not enough grub
Too many snakes in the grass
I gotta kill one, cause the gun ain't got enough slugs
Body under the belt, not enough blood
Shotty under the shelf, not enough thugs
You're a bitch you ain't gonna do shit, suck a dick
Cause I been had your bitch in the lobby on drugs
I ain't no plug, I ain't no snitch
I ain't no blood, I ain't no crip
Motherfucking hood, where I be, everyday
You don't like me?
Come see me nigga, I ain't no bitch
Far from the last man damn man
You could be the man what they said
So I focused on the damn plan
Face straight like I just did a handstand

Used to be shy now I'm focused like a head cam
 Demoz, say hello to the sandman
 Gun pop, good god where your man layin'
 See that bitch right there with the damn tan
 Couple shots put the bitch in the damn van
 Take her home put her in the zone
 Dick like an L, she gonna put it to the dome
 Wack DVDs all these niggas in the streets
 Showing niggas where they live and their fridge and their chrome
 Nigga please
Do you really think I'm dumb enough to show a motherfucking nigga where I live at
 Jeopardize where my wife and my kids at
 Come home find my young boy kidnapped
Nigga hit that L that you hit, because you motherfuckin crazy if you think I will
 Pistol Gang to the day I hang
 Or I see my death, I'm gonna keep it real

I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers
 Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these story fables
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label

[Jus Allah:]
You should make peace before we pull the peace-makers
I don't want the streets waking up the sleeping neighbours
 I don't want police pacing up the streets later
 But the killing has me feeling like a teenager
 Sign your soul over, here's a blank piece of paper
 I'll fill in the details, you can read it later
 We should keep in contact, I may need a favour
 It's not breach in contract, no release, and waivers
 It's slavery and cheap labour is a decent bargain
 It's monopoly, I'm landing on free parking
 It's blood out here, gotta keep my teeth sharpened
 Gotta keep cream, gotta keep a green garden
 You doing everything you can just to keep from starving
I'm Rastafarian and partying, usually with more than one darling
It's disheartening, bitches know I ain't Romeo or Prince Charming

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Willing A Destruction Onto Humanity"

Hotboxing the whip with piff from the ziplock
Guns come from Big Lots, blunts from the Quick Stop
Scheming on a plot trying to rob Mr. Big Shot
Strip you for your little chip of the rock
Stay equipped with the Glocks, you left for dead sifting through rocks
Gave your girlfriend my dick in a box
All the dirt I got on my hands I should have rocks in my wristwatch
But I pick Glocks over chocolates in the gift box
Chase you down the staircase, pop you in the lobby
Feed you hot slugs, each shot is a hot tamale
Spot where we put the bodies is hot as the Mojave
Probably time to find a new hobby
Before cops is sending out the bloodhounds, rounding up the posse
Reckless niggas with more records than disc jockeys
Play their records on CNN and Hard Copy
Play the part where they show the heart in the autopsy

Everyone of you is alive, your death has got nothing to do with it
You already survived many deaths, but you don't know anything about it
How much have you learned in this life?
How much have you truly learned that makes a difference?

I'm a motherfucking headhunter, a cold winter to a dead summer
Doesn't matter the weather, I'm still a lead-dumper
You can find the fucking body in the red dumpster
20+ years, cousin couldn't dead hunger (Still hungry, motherfuckers)
See it's the gutter that I rap
I nickname gats, they my butterfly effect
The boxcutter or the TEC
Some of my brothers is on their deen, some of them provide the wet
And some of them provide the birdos
Jail motherfuckers that'll buck you on their furlough
I run through a wall, never heard of hurdles
Manos de Piedra, I'm Roberto, you a fucking herb though
I've been getting money since my third show
My new Kel-Tec is berzerko, only smoke the purple
Y'all just fucking stand around in circles
Me and Jus Allah controversial

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Chalice"

(feat. Chip Fu)

[*Chip Fu:*]

Now everybody talk 'bout this and that
They chit and chat but seem that them that know exactly what to say, hey
Even when everything is going astray (going astray, people)
No, no way
Cos when I see them that know, they running for the mountains
Like when them explode
And even when them gun exposed
See those
All the people that you have to keep away (Keep away y'all)
See trust me then they know

[*Jus Allah:*]

I have been to Hell before
Befriended the Devil and Skeletor
Wish I could visit the fellas more
Wish that I could get more bodies through the cellar doors
I'm always thinking of others
Should probably think of myself more
But I don't worry about sells and house scores
I'm more into L's than health stores
I like wars and whores, tours and shores
Liquor and Coors
Sex, cigarettes and sycamores
Always got one to roll up and one twirled
All about guns and girls in this underworld
So I got a truckload of guns and gusto
But I don't go around shooting ducks and buffalo
I like it when the streets are crowded
I don't think to be discreet about it
Drinkin' blood beats a salad
So I gotta put a lot of work in
Cause I'm usually thirsty again
Before it even leaves the palate

[*Chip Fu:*]

Now everybody talk 'bout this and that
They chit and chat but seem that them that know exactly what to say, hey
Even when everything is going astray (going astray, people)
No, no way
Cos when I see them that know, they running for the mountains
Like when them explode
And even when them gun exposed
See those
All the people that you have to keep away (Keep away y'all)
See trust me then they know

[Vinnie Paz:]

I'm shining out here, Jedi Mind grinding out here
I'm from Philly where it's filthy
Take your diamonds out here
Motherfuckers broke eating Top Ramen out here
Fuck the police, graff writers is bombing out here
Ain't nobody better at this fuckin' rhymin' I swear
Any second, any minute, any time of the year
I remember when it was nothing but violence out here
Now these faggots rappin' like they fucking common out here
I'm about to set the mother fuckin' drama out here
45s Gabilondo, big Llamas out here
Everybody think it's sweet cause now Obama out here
He the third cousin of Bush, he lyin' out here
You the lamb I'm the mother fuckin' lion out here
Where were y'all when my step father dyin' last year
I'm once in a lifetime, Halley's Comet out here
Gods and Earths and Moors, we Islamic out here, yeah

[Chip Fu:]

Now everybody talk 'bout this and that
They chit and chat but seem that them that know exactly what to say, hey
Even when everything is going astray (going astray, people)
No, no way
Cos when I see them that know, they running for the mountains
Like when them explode
And even when them gun exposed
See those
All the people that you have to keep away (Keep away y'all)
See trust me then they know

Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all don't really want to fuck with us
Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all could never fuck with us
Don't really want to fuck with us

Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all don't really want to fuck with us
Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all could never fuck with us
Don't really want to fuck with us

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Bloodborn Enemy"

You are really of the Devil.
Wait, I'm sure we can come to an arrangement.
I'll give you anything you want.

(Cause I gotta kill or be killed, counter attack)

I am the reverse of Christ, I am horrible, I'm the worst advice
I squeeze coal in my hand and then it converts to ice
My whole world is cold blood. It's a serpent's life
I was fighting in Damascus with a Persian knife
I burn a motherfucker head. I'm in Hell's Kitchen
Fuck a cop, fuck a bitch, fucking Mel Gibson
The new wakata on the street smell different
I was rocking Jordan 7s while you sell Pippens
Everyone I trust in a box
So talking to y'all is just like talking to cops
Call me boxcutter Pazzi cause I walk with the ox
And though he ain't here physically I walk with my pops
Yeah but physically I walk with the Glock
And if an officer is shooting then an officer's shot
I'm a fat guinea motherfucker, walk with a bop
And it ain't never been a question if he soft or he not

Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Kill or be killed counter-attack

Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Kill or be killed counter-attack

All I think about is crime, I forgot to buy a valentine
I'm out my motherfucking mind in a crowded line
Full-time murderer, no time to buy furniture
Rather re-clip burners than clip through the circular
Rather be a burglar than flip burgers
Any stitch of work will make me wanna commit murder
I am all thugs and drug fiends, screams and blood streams
Guns that can sink submarines, clubs and love scenes
Thugs in hot tubs, queens and umptees, Vodka, Rock of Love
Angels and adversaries, Raspberry Absolut
Hash and grass, V8 splash, passion fruit
Life is a battle, I'm out of sight with dim lighters around
Knife and a frown, just another night on the town
Endless horrors of manslaughter days in a row

Leave you all dressed up, no place to go

Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Kill or be killed counter-attack

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Sacrilege Of Fatal Arms"

The kind of music you play scares people
Why shouldn't people be scared by you?

[Vinnie Paz:]

Vinnie scream "fuck the world" like Shakur
Y'all ain't never really enlist, you pussies stuck in war
Stick a bottle through the esophagus, I'll pop your jaw
I ain't worried about them, they drop deader than Rocky 4
I'm Willie Pep on the defensive, Vinnie box them all
Y'all are pussies, y'all see faggots and y'all will drop your drawers
I'm the hardest motherfucker, I'll stop a storm
I walked into the jungle, cut off all the lion's paws
Black gloves, black mask so who would've seen him?
Y'all don't shoot, y'all play with guns, you Gilbert Arenas
We ain't from the same pain, it's different procedures
Me and Jus the same veins and same intravenous
Yeah, I judge a man by how he dies
Stuff his ass inside a van then the coward dies
Jus Allah who I turn to in a scuffle
Muscle never turns to fat, fat turns to muscle

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

[Jus Allah:]

My niggas will put your dome in a wall from one phone call
Trying to be such a fucking know-it-all
Niggas pop a hole in your boy, put you with Pope John Paul
Shove your body inside of a hole in the wall
I survived every close call, keep the guns loaded to brawl
It's the overall protocol
Y'all just throwing a whole lot of shit at the wall
I'm throwing a mix of nitrogen and glycerol
We get the pistols from the Big and Tall, you in the trash
Your phone got a million missed calls
I'm with half an ounce and a whole lot of alcohol
I'm blacking out, I'm always around the outlaws
Day in and day out it's murder on the menu
As your team searches for missing persons continue
I'm in blackness where black magic is practiced

It's the habitat where my gat's the happiest

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Street Lights"

I have the killing gene, I have machine guns and guillotines
I'm the guerrilla of Philistines, I'm living the killer's dream
 I just let the victim kick and scream
Get the blood and smithereens out with Mr. Clean
 Separate your figurine into different dumpsters
I'm getting hungrier and I ain't getting any younger
Niggas should've killed me, now the wait's longer
 And the incapability made me stronger
 I'm 'a die in service, I serve a higher purpose
I ain't nervous of what surfaces from wire searches
 Mom sits inside a church reciting Bible verses
 I'm entitled to idle my homicidal urges
I don't prefer help, getting to the death quotients
 It works by itself set in perpetual motion
But I remove it, there's some probability to use it
Cause I might lose it, present company included

The street light is the only light that ever shine
Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine
 If I shine I shine heavy metal grind
Must be out your fucking mind, never question mine

The street light is the only light that ever shine
Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine
 If I shine I shine heavy metal grind
Must be out your fucking mind to ever question mine

You should never upset the man, the bullets the size of Pepsi cans
 I am godly while y'all are doing the best you can
 Me and Jus Allah lions and the rest are lambs
 I am possibly atrocity in West Sudan
I'm humanism, I'm through the prism of western man
 I'm pugilism, I'm voodooism, I bless the sand
My hands are made of titanium, I could wreck a van
 Lazarus, I am from Damascus and I am Sham
 I ain't letting go until the fucking clip is done
 Y'all offbeat, every word I speak hit the drum
The most beautiful thing to me is a glistening gun
 I find y'all is entertainment while I'm sipping rum
 And if I ever fall on hard luck
 I'll put some white on the street like a salt truck
 Cause I ain't trying to be hungry again
With these lowlife motherfucking dummies again, never again god

The street light is the only light that ever shine
Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine
 If I shine I shine heavy metal grind

Must be out your fucking mind, never question mine

The street light is the only light that ever shine

Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine

If I shine I shine heavy metal grind

Must be out your fucking mind to ever question mine